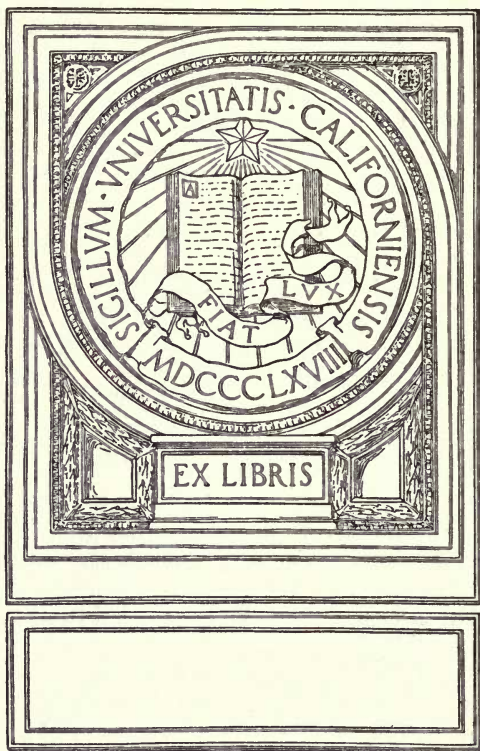


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THE  
*Arts of Design:*

ESPECIALLY

*AS RELATED TO FEMALE EDUCATION.*

AN ADDRESS:

*Delivered in the Hall of the Maryland Institute,*

AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE

*Female Department of the School of Design,*

*November 25th, 1856,*

BY J. A. SEISS, A. M.

*Pastor of Lombard Street Lutheran Church, Baltimore, Maryland.*



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MDCCCLVII.



## Hall of the Maryland Institute,

BALTIMORE, *Dec'r 9th*, 1856.

Rev. J. A. SEISS:

*Dear Sir:*—A large number of the ladies and gentlemen who were in attendance at the late Commencement of the Female Department of the School of Design, have manifested a wish to obtain a copy of the admirable and very appropriate address which you delivered on that occasion; and ourselves appreciating its merits, and believing that its circulation in pamphlet form would much promote the great objects which this department of the Institute is seeking to accomplish, are prompted to ask of you, in behalf of the friends of the School and the membership of the Institute, a copy for publication.

Trusting that our request will be favorably considered, we remain,

With great respect,

C. W. BENTLEY,	JOHN JONES,
G. H. HUNT,	J. H. TEGMEYER,
JAMES M. ANDERSON,	JOHN T. FARDY,
W. W. MAUGHLIN,	

*Committee on School of Design.*

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BALTIMORE, *Dec'r 19th*, 1856.

GENTLEMEN:

So many considerations in your request combine to urge me to commit to you the copy of the address for which you have asked, that, notwithstanding my doubts as to its worthiness of these partialities, I do not feel at liberty to decline.

Respectfully and gratefully, yours,

J. A. SEISS.

To C. W. BENTLEY, Esq., and others.







## THE ADDRESS.

IN performing the duty assigned to me to-night, I am to some extent to occupy the position of a representative of the Maryland Institute for the promotion of the Mechanic Arts;—more particularly, of that department of this Institute included in its School of Design;—and still more particularly, of that Division of the School which looks to the enlargement of the sphere of female industry by the instruction of ladies in the principles and practice of Graphics, Painting, and other related Arts, which, for the sake of convenience, I will call *Arts of Design*.

In undertaking to present the subject thus given into my hands, I regret that I cannot avail myself of such qualifications as might have been found in others, and which the occasion seems to demand. Nevertheless, I am glad of the opportunity to give public utterance to my testimony, feeble as it may be, in favor of the utility and praiseworthiness of this Institute in all its departments.

To recommend the Mechanic Arts, is simply to recommend some of the leading elements of civilization. They are the wheels of the engine which draws the train of this world's improvement. They may seem humble, but they are among the pillars which uphold the temple of human happiness and glory. Take them away, and the conquered earth returns to its original wildness, and man glides back into the savage.

It is by the Arts which this Institute seeks to foster and improve, that the earth gives forth its blessings, and stands adorned in its investiture of grandeur and peace. It is by these that cities illuminate the gateways of its continents, and that towns and villages, like polished jewels, bestud its wide domains of hill and valley. It is by these that the sea becomes the highway of the nations, and that rocks, waters, winds, and even the lightnings of heaven, are made subservient to the rising family of man. To despise the artisan, is to despise some of the essential stabilities of human progress. We need the arm of the smith, and the skill of the draftsman, and the cunning of the artificer, as well for the existence, as for the adornment of the social fabric. In the mysterious arrangements of Providence, these arts, accompanied with the lights that shine from above, furnish the vital element in which, in no mean sense, we live, and move, and have our continual being.

It is difficult for us to realize this truth. We have been born and bred amid the blessings of an elevated civilization. We have always enjoyed them. We know not what it is to be without them. And we often overlook the supports upon which they depend. We live in our commodious houses, not thinking how men came to build such, and admire the ingenious and beautiful furniture which we put into them, seldom reflecting upon what is necessary for its fabrication. We luxuriate in our elegant apparel, forgetting what has introduced and sustains this improvement upon the fig-leaves and skins with which our fathers covered their nakedness. We pleasure upon our good roads, our convenient carriages, our steamboats, our rail-cars, indifferent to our estate as it would be without those knowledges, sciences and trades by which these things have been produced, and from which they are continually supplied. We are accustomed to look onward and upward, calculating as

though existing things must continue as by inherent necessity; and we lose sight of those humbler streams which supply the reservoir of our strength, and combine to form the river that floats the ark of our hopes towards the sea of glory.

The Arts, as contemplated by this Institute, form one of the components of civilized man. The comforts, the dignities, the prospects of every individual among us, depend upon these arts, and must sink without them. They are the substratum of the world that now is, and they constitute the bridge on which alone humanity can pass over undamaged to the world of future generations.

And whilst I say thus much for the Arts in general, I make no essential modifications in my statements, as applied to the particular Arts of Design.

A body without an animating and directing soul, is useless and repulsive. We hasten to bury it out of our sight. And such is Art apart from *Design*. Whether in its higher and more poetic efforts, or in its humbler and more practical applications, both its inspiration and its usefulness proceed from the power of the artist to conceive, realize, and set forth truth, good, and beauty. Remove this power as expressed in those immortal models of sculpture and architecture which have come down to us from the days of Pericles and Grecian glory, and the Torso, Apollo, Laocoon, and Venus de Medici would be no better than the snow-figures which school-boys build, and the magnificent classic temples which shine through the range of ages, would exhibit all the miserableness of Esquimaux huts. Just as that power diminishes, the force of art decreases, and its value vanishes. It is impossible to have the one without the other. They are correlative and inseparable. And even in the commonest and simplest forms of industrial art, its life, potency and use are exactly proportioned to this sort of ability in the



operator. All art implies and proceeds upon Design. There must be capacity to conceive, realize and set forth truth, good and beauty, or there can be no art. And the exercise of this capacity, is what is called *Design*.

The HISTORY of Design, is the history of the universe. The first Architect was GOD, when he let himself forth in those luminous and eternal monuments of wisdom, power and goodness, which fill the canvas of immensity, and stand for ever in the infinite plains of space. He made the first dispositions of light and shade when he sent forth the word of his Almightyness into primeval night. He drew the first pictures of beauty and sublimity when he caused the young creation to blush in the evening and the morning of the first day. He traced the first geometric figures when he marked out the complex circuits of revolving worlds. He painted the first landscapes; he originated all colors; he invented beauty; and he has made nature a gallery of Art, arrayed with pictures of loveliness and endless magnificence—all the products of his own unfathomable skill.

And what is man but a living miniature of God—a design to reflect the Eternal Designer? In his sphere and degree, then, he was made to be a designer too—an *under-maker* in the elaboration of GOD's infinite thought. He is an artist by very nature, intended to represent GOD, and find virtue and happiness in this, as in other things. Hence, the elements of art are coeval with the race. They are traceable among the most savage people. Their growth and progress has been co-extensive with the general improvement of the human faculties. And works of Design have ever been the flower of civilization, as they also enter into the adornments of our promised heaven.

A School of Design, is a school of beauty—an institution for educating man's inborn artistic instinct and love for the graceful and grand—an academy for culture in the princi-

ples of taste, and in those qualities of head, eye, and hand which engraft loveliness on utility, make the canvas mirror life, the marble all but breathe, and man himself more blessed.

The commencement of such schools cannot now be traced. They are almost as old as art itself. Where the first were located we cannot tell. But, as early as the days of Eupompus,—four centuries before the Christian era,—we find one in successful operation at Sicyon, of which Pamphilus was master and Apelles himself a pupil; and which was so celebrated, that a pupilage of ten years, and an admission fee of nearly a thousand dollars, was not considered too much for its advantages. During the middle ages, Venice, Padua, Sienna, Rome, Milan and Bologna, were favored by somewhat similar institutions. The great awakening of the sixteenth century, led to establishments of the sort in all civilized nations. They now exist in nearly every great city in Christendom. And when once the public has come to realize their value, we shall find them at all the seats of learning, and engrafted as an essential feature on all our educational arrangements.

Some have said that the formation of such schools only argues the low state of art and of public taste. Be that as it may, it argues that the leaders of mankind have some appreciation of art, and that its products are not out of demand. Whatever has been said to disparage them, they are important to the education of a people, and the support of them has proved a public benefit. They may not have, as yet, produced a Phidias or a Parrhasius; but they have produced bread for the hungry. They may never have brought forth a Da Vinci, a Michael Angelo, a Raffaele, or a Titian; but they have put hundreds and thousands into virtuous, useful, and elevated employment, who might have been left to spend life in drudgery and degradation. They

may never have developed a Hogarth, a Flaxman, or a Christopher Wren; but they have substituted beauties for crudities, and helped to fit men for honorable spheres of effort, and put both comforts and dollars into the hands of blankness and want.

Beauty is an element of good—a joyous symbol of the Divine. A genuine perception of it is the highest degree of education, and the ultimate polish of man. Who that can detect it, that does not delight in it? Who that is not roused to higher joys by the visions of the beautiful as they present themselves in the galleries of nature and art? What well-springs of pleasure such visions open up in the soul to give forth their soft gladness whenever recollection calls!

“A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:  
 Its loveliness increases: it will never  
 Pass into nothingness; but still will keep  
 A bower quiet for us, and a sleep  
 Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing,  
 On every morrow wreathing  
 A flowery band to bind us to the earth,  
 Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth  
 Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,  
 Of all the unhealthy and o’erdarkened ways  
 Made for our searching: Yes, in spite of all,  
 Some shape of beauty moves away the pall  
 From our dark spirits.”

Beauty in any thing contributes to satisfy, soften, refine, cheer, charm and elevate. It is like the breathings of the Spirit of God, unheard, but silently mighty.

“Some souls lose all things but the love of beauty;  
 And by that love they are redeemable.”

And why has GOD put ideas of the beautiful in man, or lavished it so freely on all his works from insects’ wings to shining worlds, if it were not meant for good and bliss,



and as a medium of communion with himself and of harmony with heaven? Aye,

“To make the cunning artless, tame the rude,  
Subdue the haughty, shake th’ undaunted soul;  
Yea, put a bridle in the lion’s mouth,  
And lead him forth as a domestic cur,—  
These are the triumphs of all-powerful beauty.”

Just as we teach people, then, to detect, appreciate and produce the beautiful, we contribute to swell the sum of human virtue and felicity, and help to make them happier, better and more useful.

But beauty is also an element of wealth. It has its value in dollars and cents, as well as in comforts and morals; and upon this ground too it deserves to be regarded as an important object in educational facilities. It is a settled fact, that precisely the same fabrics will differ in worth according to the degrees of elegance exhibited in the patterns which they bear. Some years ago, the silks of England, though in all other respects equal to the silks of France, could not command a market short of forty per cent. less than that of French products, simply because the figures and designs upon them were inferior. This certainly is a very striking fact, and only one of ten thousand that might be adduced to show, that just as we increase skill and power in ornamentation, we augment the remunerative value of all our productions.

It is estimated, that the people of this country are annually paying to Europe not less than five millions of dollars for textile fabrics no better in substantial quality than our own, which are selected for the sole reason, that they bear a more beautiful arrangement of colors and devices. This shows, not only that there is a mine of wealth in the handsome disposition of lines and colors on calicoes,

woolens and silks; but also, that we are recreant to important national interests by not bestowing more attention upon the culture of those arts which would keep all this money for distribution among our own citizens.

And that Schools of Design present a practical and efficient way of meeting the wants which exist, there can no longer be any doubt. They have been tested, and their efficiency has been abundantly demonstrated. R. N. Wornum, writing upon this point, in the *London Art Journal* for April, 1851, refers to testimony to the efficiency and good effects of these schools in Britain which cannot be resisted. He speaks of their influence as steadily and generally spreading with "infallible progress;" and declares that they are "*effecting a revolution in the taste of the country.*" Up to the period of their establishment in their present, popular and recent forms, he characterizes the art of the English designer as "a mere abortive plagiarism, or an unmeaning traditional mechanism, perpetuating forms and phantasms displaying no more skill in their execution than there was purpose or beauty in their conception. Orthodox French mixtures for papers and carpets; Rococo scrolls for lace; Persian pines for shawls; and Chinese willows for pottery; such," says he, "were the creations which filled the designer's repertory before the days of Flaxman, and which have been adhered to with but little wavering nearly ever since the days of that great innovator. But thanks to the Schools of Design, this can be so no longer; *it has already ceased to be so.*"

The same writer refers to thousands of specimens produced by the pupils of these schools, exhibited at Marlborough House, many of which had been adopted by manufacturers in various departments, and maintains that "not many patterns of manufactured goods, English or foreign, can compare with them in design;" and that some of the

silks "display skill quite equal to any thing handed down to us of the rich brocades of the days of our forefathers." He also speaks of the readiness of comprehension which these schools have imparted to their pupils, as one of their striking results, which, "in the opinion of one of the principal lace-manufacturers of Nottingham, is a great result," and a wonderful improvement upon the old designers, who could not be taught that *quantity of work was not quality*.

Mr. Wornum also mentions a fact of Mrs. Treadwin, an eminent lace-maker of Exeter, which speaks powerfully for the practical value of these schools. That lady was exceedingly desirous to make a brilliant display of her name and skill at the great London exhibition. In order the more effectually to accomplish this, and prompted by her uniform experience in the department of design, she determined to visit Paris to select, or to engage some noted artist to make for her a pattern for a *founce*, which should be worthy of the occasion, and set off her British talent in manufacture. Having mentioned her purpose to a gentleman acquainted with the Schools of Design, she was persuaded to take Somerset House on her route, and see first whether she could not be suited there. At the instance of Mr. Burchett, she offered a premium for what she desired. Seven young gentlemen entered the lists as competitors for the founce. The result was the production of something so unprecedented in Mrs. Treadwin's experience, and so complete in general excellence, beauty and fitness, that her visit to France was intercepted, and her wishes more than met by the schoolboys of Somerset House.

Like instances have occurred in other Schools of Design. And the time is not remote when we shall be able to record achievements equally brilliant by the pupils in the School of the Maryland Institute. It is in these Schools of Design, and it is in young America, to produce just



such trophies of skill, to exalt the genius, and gild the fame of the nation. Only let these institutions be fostered as they deserve, and we shall soon be able to forego many a humiliating visit to Paris, Liverpool and London; and the free people of this broad land will be able to see, that a table of papier mâché may be very pretty even without a peacock, and that the stereotyped confusion of Chinese pagodas, bridges, boats, willows, doves, crooked fences and petticoated mandarins on dinner-plates, has no essential connection with the relish for the roast or the boiled.

But it has been given me to speak of another, and perhaps, more interesting relation of this subject. The Maryland Institute School of Design has a department for Ladies. Its facilities are offered to our sisters and daughters, as well as to our sons and brothers. This provision proceeds upon the assumption, that there is in woman's mind and hand full capacity for excellence in the arts of Design, and that the practice of them is congenial to her sphere. In this I heartily acquiesce.

There is, perhaps, no sentiment more offensive to truth, morals or religion, than that which underlies a common phrase,—“*She is nothing but a woman.*” It is a melancholy fact, that ever since her crimination in Eden, the opposite sex has been bold in allegations of her inferiority and imbecility, and done full share to fulfil the words, that her husband should rule over her. It is also a fact, for which I have no apology, that woman has been largely concerned in many of those leading transactions which have brought mischief to the race. Eve brought Adam into transgression, and thus entailed sin and death upon the entire family of man. Delilah reduced the appointed deliverer of Israel into the power of his enemies. Jezebel enticed Ahab and the Jewish nation to apostacy. The

beauty of Helen brought Troy to desolation. And it was a woman who brought the Gauls upon Rome. But whether this is not rather to be charged upon the stupidity of the other sex, I will not now stop to inquire. Let it suffice for me to say, that I do not believe with the Koran of Mahomet, that woman has no soul; nor with the Talmud of the Jews, which exempts her from the study of the Law and from the giving of testimony "on account of the poverty of her mind;" nor with the chevalier of feudal times, that she is to be esteemed only for her angel face and loving heart; nor yet with Milton himself, great as he was, when he condescends to assign her the place of a mere appendix to man—the mere servile executrix of his commands. If the Furies of the heathen were feminine, so were the Fairies and the Oracles. And when I remember Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite; and Deborah, the prophetess who judged Israel beneath the palm trees; and Judith, who delivered her country from the proud threats of the impious Assyrian; and Mary, who bare and nursed the Redeemer of the world; nothing shall have power to reason me out of the conviction as to the high place which woman can, and may, and ought to fill in the various instrumentalities which look to the improvement, the elevation, and the redemption of mankind.

In the wonderful economy of GOD, dependence and independence were designed to be mutual, and to combine in in every member of the race without reference to sex. Woman was no more made for man, than man was made for woman. Their spheres, in many important things, may differ; but both alike were born for responsibility, dignity and usefulness, which neither is justified in invading or monopolizing. Man and woman were made for each other, but not so that one should be lost in the other, or that the means of livelihood, comfort and honor should not be open

alike for both. Woman may be out of place in the pulpit, or in the halls of legislation, and on the field of battle; but it is a libel on the workmanship of God, to say that she is in place only when flirting in the parlor, nursing babies, or drudging among the cookery.

Woman is constituted by very nature the instructor of the young. It is from her that we all, of necessity, receive our first and most effective lessons, and derive our most abiding impressions. The profession of teaching, therefore, falls entirely within the range of her appropriate sphere, and should be fully open to her in all rightly ordered society. But that this department of usefulness and honor may be accessible to her, she must needs be taught herself in those branches contemplated by our Schools of Design; and there must be Schools of Design for her. In our common and fashionable seminaries, drawing and painting, if taught at all, are regarded as mere accomplishments, for the most part subordinate to every thing else, and with but little regard to their practical relations; whilst the more important department of *Design*, is wholly unprovided for. Well has it been asked, "How few of those who have learned drawing have been taught one principle of form or color! How few aim higher than to be mere copyists! How few of those who have learned for years on the usual method, can represent correctly any simple form, or give by means of light and shade relief to any solid object which they see before them! The pupils rush at once to the higher walks of art, landscape and figures, instead of beginning with the elements. It is as if they would attain the summit of the hill at a bound, instead of climbing step by step from the base. No wonder, then, that so many fall short of the object at which they aim! We have reason to think that there are not many young ladies who have had the advantage of expensive masters



for drawing, who could make their own designs for Berlin wool work, or even transfer to the squared paper the groups of flowers they have painted." The Schools of Design are the only efficient organizations for instruction in the department of Practical Art. And if ladies are to be teachers or operatives in this department, as they well may be, these schools must be open for them.

It is also to be said, and without a taint of flattery, that woman is by nature the highest ornament of sublunary creation. GOD hath constituted her the impersonation of beauty for our world, and touched her very form and features with graces superior to every thing else earthly. It seems almost as if Omnipotence had chosen her as the object of his reserved and peculiar skill; and that, having concentrated all his resources in her formation, his creative power ceased there through very inability to exceed the wonderful production.

"The bloom of opening flowers' unsullied beauty,  
Softness, and sweetest innocence, she wears,  
And looks like nature in the world's first spring."

It is therefore most congruous and fitting, that she should be free to exercise herself in the arts of grace and beauty, and to employ herself in imparting to other things something of her own loveliness. Oh, how much better that she should betimes be occupied in evolving forms and combinations of the beautiful, which will at once give cheering exercise to head and heart, and pay her for her skill, than that she should be walled in to the everlasting and wasting monotony of a seamstress' life, to

"Stitch—stitch—stitch,  
In poverty, hunger and dirt;  
Sewing at once with a double thread  
A SHROUD as well as a shirt!"

It is a shame to humanity to what hard and unrelenting necessities woman is often reduced in the workings of our boasted civilization. It would seem as if all had banded together to make the whole sex completely dependent on man, and to condemn woman to toil, wretchedness and martyrdom, wherever she has not the arm of man on which to lean. In the present calamitous condition of life, how often is she left to battle alone with the storms and wants that never cease to press upon us? And then, what recourse has she? A little A B C teaching, with uncounted troubles for a mere mockery of pay—the needle, with the waste of constitution, a life that is death, and scarcely remuneration enough to keep body and soul together—or the miserable slavery of the kitchen,—are about the only alternatives that remain to her! It is enough to make one's heart sicken and sink within him to contemplate the wretchedness which is often thus entailed upon some of the loveliest of God's creation!

Take a case. A child is born in the mansion of plenty, nursed upon the lap of luxury, caressed as an angel gift of God, delighted in as earth's chief joy, and beautiful as the first opening rose of summer. Nothing is spared by doting parents to make her childhood blessed. She grows up as a flower that never felt frost, and blooms in unclouded sunshine, never dreaming of sorrow or of want. We behold her at the bridal with

“Heart on her lips, and soul in her eyes,  
Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies.”

With the man of her choice she sets sail upon the sea of life, which glows before her as the image of unmeasured peace, and mirrors to her the very tranquillity and glory of heaven. The breezes of prosperity fill every canvas, and

glad friends from the shore shout after her in words of hope and promise. We see her next the mistress of a home—patterned after the one she left, and the fond mother of cherub forms each imaging her own youthful loveliness. But now adversity comes. Her father's fortune wanes, and he dies disconsolate and insolvent. Her husband's calculations fail, pressure ensues, and poverty is induced. Unused to trouble, his proud spirit breaks, his ambition dies, his courage vanishes, his health declines, and he sleeps with the dead; or, perchance, what is worse, he lives to quaff the cups of the debauchee—a disgrace to his name—a pest to his species—a nuisance before the face of heaven—a foul blot on the page of existence. Alas, for his once blooming bride—a fading, wilted, forsaken flower, with the worm of mighty grief gnawing remorselessly in its very heart! Who is to help her, and the little ones that cluster and cry around her? Affliction and want are upon her, and whither shall she look in her distresses? There is no other recourse; the dark alley, the lonely garret, the unfurnished hovel, becomes her home, and the needle her miserable refuge. Behold her there, she and her babes with her, half clad, half fed, with sorrow and consumption her only dowry, and death her only hope! Look at her blanched and haggard cheek—her pale, thin, skeleton hands—her silent and scalding tears—as she plies herself day and night for this wretched subsistence. Oh, how sad, for such a noble creation—such a model of loveliness—to be brought down to such a ghost of misery, and such a hell of suffering! Who now shall show her any good? What shall bring redemption to her? Alas, there is no relief for her but in the grave, and no rest for her crushed heart but in heaven! Hers may be an extreme case; but it is the case of very many. And what a blessed benefaction would it be to the sex and the race, if the sphere of female employment could

be so widened as but in some small degree to diminish the number of such sufferers!

But there are other and more numerous classes who need relief, and many of whom may find it by the aid of what is to be learned in Schools of Design. As a distinguished lady of Philadelphia has stated, "Owing to the unceasing drain by emigration to the West and elsewhere, of young and enterprising men, we have a constantly increasing number of young women, who are chiefly or entirely dependent upon their own resources, possessing respectable acquirements, good abilities, sometimes even fine talents, yet who are shut out from every means of exercising them profitably for themselves or others. To such as these, the School of Design opens at once the prospect of a comfortable livelihood, with the assurance of a useful and not ignoble career."

And the hopes thus held out, are not mere day-dreams, destined never to be realized. Many examples may be adduced in which individuals have been raised to stations of honor and profit by means of these schools, which they never would have reached but for the field thus opened to them. I am told that there are applications, at this moment, before this school of the Maryland Institute, offering comfortable and remunerative situations for ladies skilled in this department of effort. This certainly is coming near enough home to satisfy the most skeptical, and to stimulate every pupil to unwearied exertion.

But, it has been asked, whether, after all, it is likely that woman will succeed in works of design?—whether she has inventive capacity for excellence in such efforts? What a question! How it savors of the olden tyranny that weighed down our mothers in the days of darkness! Who ever heard of woman's failure, when her heart was fully bent upon a thing? There are some weak sisters, as there are



brothers just as weak ; but take a fair specimen of the sex, and failure is a sort of thing of which she has but little fear, and just as little experience. She has resources which have never yet been fully tested, but which have rendered her equal for all the circumstances in which she has been found, and exhibited a high degree of excellence in every situation in which she has been called to act. Who that has read the instructive pages of Barbauld, Hamilton and Edgeworth, or the enchanting lines of Opie, Hutton and Williams, or the rapid creations of Radcliffe and Porter—who that has scanned the dignified and powerful reasoning of Madame De Stael, or contemplated the gifted spirit of Mrs. Hemans in its communion with the universe of thought, or studied the productions of scores of others deserving of mention in the same list—will ever think again of such a thing as “*womanish imbecility*.” Though never encouraged to try her powers, yet, in every age, woman has made her mark, and inscribed her name high upon the scroll of eminence. And in modern times, with but the limited means allowed her, “the flame of her genius has kindled purest offerings on the highest and holiest altars that ever sent up incense to approving heaven ; and fixed there in pencillings of light, the label of an intellect so radiant and powerful, that Newton’s self might proudly own it.”

And as to woman’s capacity for eminence in the arts of industrial design, there are facts on record which speak more powerfully than rhetoric. Ladies have tried their hand, and they have met with marked success.

In Mr. Wornum’s Review of the Government Schools of Design in England, he gives the distinct testimony, that, “in some departments of female attire, *the female school displays even a marked superiority over the male*.” In reference to the productions of Mrs. McLan’s school, exhibited

at Marlborough House, the same writer says, that "the muslins, chintzes, table-covers, papers, and some others, display *the highest excellence*. This is particularly evident in the muslin and de laine designs; and from the general delicacy and beauty of them, it would seem," says he, "that the female taste, for developing what is appropriate in some departments of female costume, *is much better adapted than the male*." He further says of some of these productions, that "*they are far superior to the general average of such designs even of the highest class, and at least equal to any thing that has been produced in this department of Art*."

Nor are the excellencies of these products of female taste and skill mere matters of favoritism in judgment on the part of those who wish well to these schools. They have commended themselves to the critical approval of the manufacturer, and he has given his money for them, and the consumer has selected them in the market, and admired their beauty, little dreaming that they were the productions of schoolgirls. Seven designs, from as many female pupils of Somerset House, were purchased by manufacturers in the course of a few months. And if I am not mistaken, there are parlors in this city, the walls of which are adorned with papers designed by the female pupils of this Institute, and those papers selected too on the ground of their peculiar beauty, the purchasers not knowing whence they came. Aye, look at the array of grace, beauty, skill, and power of ornamentation, in those specimens which greet you in this hall to-night, and henceforth for ever doubt no more of woman's capacity for works of Design.

And if there were no other ground on which to hope for woman's success in this department, her intense and commendable love of ornament and desire to please, is pledge enough that if only opportunity is given, her achievements

in decorative art shall be of no mean sort. There is in her an instinctive consciousness of the charms and power of adornment, prompting her ever to seek after it. This is a something which clings to her very nature as prerequisite to the accomplishment of her mission upon earth. Men may call it weakness, but she knows full well that it is an element of her strength. And any sphere of effort falling within the range of this strong impulse of her being, may be safely set down as a field in which she will and must excel.

There is also this to be observed, that woman's love for ornament is a thing which cannot be repressed. It is her nature to indulge it, and to lay much stress upon its gratification. Nor am I prepared to say that it should be otherwise. But if her taste and judgment as to what is beautiful and becoming be not trained and instructed, her very thirst for adornment is liable to prove a serious disadvantage.

“Who has not seen, and seeing mourned,  
And mourning smiled, and smiling scorned,  
Some comet from a country town,  
In wild ambition flaming down?  
Behold her, in her motley hues;  
Funeral blacks, and brimstone blues,  
And lurid green, and bonfire red,  
And varied radiance fiercely shed,  
And skin deep gold, and would be pearls,  
And pendant heaps of corkscrew curls!”

We laugh; and yet, perhaps, we ought not to laugh.

With all her glittering gew-gaws round her,  
Dazzling the eyes of idiot wonder;

she may still have the true soul of woman, and possess talents sufficient to adorn the most elevated circles, and be doomed to this ill-favored notoriety for the mere want of a little culture. If art education were as generally diffused as it ought to be, and might be—were the community more impressed with the outlines of correct taste—and were manufacturers themselves made to feel more of the binding force of the laws which hold in matters of beauty and harmony—such specimens of spoiled excellence would be less numerous, and many a piece of earth now despised as a clod would be cherished as a jewel.

But, I will not weary you by unduly protracting this desultory discussion. The subject is somewhat novel to many, but it is not difficult to be understood, nor of doubtful moment. Our school, with its great benevolent aims and practical promises, is before you. It is a School of Design—a school for the study of form and color as applied to all departments of ornamentation—a school for disseminating a knowledge of the beautiful as connected with the useful—a school for the instruction of our sisters and daughters to appreciate, and to labor successfully in the various branches of decorative art. Its leading and definitive purpose is, “to open to females a new and appropriate, as well as a better remunerating range of employment” than that to which they are now confined when cast upon their own resources. We propose, for a mere trifle of expense, to furnish every young lady who will avail herself of our aid, with adequate means of self-support in case of necessity, as well as to endow her with some of the most admirable practical accomplishments of a finished education. Our great aim is, by the most appropriate and feasible means, to lift woman out of that servile dependence in which she is so generally found, and to invest her more



permanently with the dignity and independency which belong to her.

Such is our cause. It addresses itself at once to the noblest sympathies of humanity, and embodies much of the spirit of our holy religion. Indeed, there is a sense in which the Savior of the world is peculiarly the Redeemer of woman. Before the days of his mysterious incarnation, she had become the mere instrument of man's pleasure—the mere bearer of his burdens. In the Asiatic world, in which two-thirds of the human race have lived, not one of the million's of her sex ever enjoyed the inherent rights of woman. Up to the effectual introduction of Christianity into Europe, her condition there was but little better than among the oriental nations; and everywhere, beyond the pale of Christ's religion, she is still the doomed and degraded servitor of man's brutal will. It is only since the Redeemer condescended to be born of woman, and where that fact is known and appreciated, that she has borrowed that ray of glory—the radiant link that binds us to angelic excellence and celestial orders. But wherever a twinkling beam of the star of Bethlehem appears, she starts up with a new and living investiture, and marches proudly forth towards the pure sublimity of her true position.

We do therefore imitate the model set us by our redeeming Lord, and body forth the spirit of his holy system of love, in proportion as we direct our efforts for the relief and elevation of woman.

It is also remarkable, that the first to recognize the Savior's messiahship on earth, was a woman;—that the first to whom he showed himself after his resurrection was a woman;—that those of his followers who stood closest to him in his crucifixion, and kept with him even when apostles fled, were women;—and that those who came the earliest to the sepulchre in which he was laid, were of the

same sex. This not only shows how deep were his sympathies for woman, and how dear a thing Christianity is to her right feeling heart; but it also shadows forth the great fact, that in a high and special sense, the coming of Jesus was the evolution of a new era for the sex; and that to follow the bright current of redemptive grace, we must not cease our exertions to elevate the character, protect the interests and promote the good of woman. All such efforts are in beautiful harmony with the faith in which we glory, and all the best feelings of the soul combine to pronounce the sublime benediction—*God speed them!*

May I not, then, bespeak for this School of Design, your favor, your encouragement, your support? May I not ask you to bestow more consideration upon its claims, and to examine more closely into its promising operations? May I not ask you to send your daughters and your neices to avail themselves of the high advantages which it offers? Who knows how soon, in the revolutions of the wheel of fortune, they may need it? It will at any rate increase their usefulness, and adorn them with noble accomplishments worth a thousand times the cost. Ask not in proud skepticism what good thing can come out of Nazareth; but as the more considerate Philip said—“*Come and see.*”

Baltimore still claims to be a humane and Christian city, notwithstanding its recent demonstrations of riot and bloodshed. She will still stand up for what is philanthropic, patriotic and good. Her monuments are her pledges to be faithful to whatever concerns the nation's greatness or the country's fame. She will not consent to be a pensioner upon others, where she has all the materials of independence within herself. She has achieved a wide renown for the beauty of her daughters, and she will not be behind-hand in providing that they may be equally renowned for their mental polish and inventive skill. Her public spirit

has gone out in many directions, and carved for her a noble name, and rendered her an emporium of vast trade, and wealth, and distinction in the earth; and she will not draw back from an enterprise, which promises immediate as well as remote results so important, so national as well as local, so good as well as exalting.

Are there not some among our men of princely fortune, who are willing to give immortality to their names, and to become the benefactors of needy woman, as well as conservators of the nation's good, by contributing endowments for this school? Can we not find some one or more among our favored citizens to operate through this as one has been found to operate through the chemical department? It is said that riches perish; but there are ways in which they can be made immortal, and to shine with ever increasing coruscations of good as generation follows generation. Providence has opened one of these ways in this School of Design. A gentleman investing three, five or ten thousand dollars to raise this enterprise to full efficiency and permanence, will build himself a memorial more lasting than marble or brass, and which shall survive to speak the donor's praise when the bright monuments which adorn our streets shall have crumbled into dust. A great man once dictated this inscription for his tomb—  
*"What I have saved, I have lost; what I gave away, I have."*  
 And I can safely promise that he who will invest for this school, shall invest for an enduring fame. And

"Who, that surveys this span of earth we press,  
 This speck of life in time's great wilderness,  
 Would sully the bright spot, or leave it bare,  
 When he might build him a proud temple there!"



has gone out in many directions, and carved for her a noble name, and rendered her an emporium of vast trade, and wealth, and distinction in the earth; and she will not draw back from an enterprise, which promises immediate as well as remote results as important as national as well as local good as well as exalting. Are there not some among our men of princely fortune, who are willing to give immortality to their names, and to become the benefactors of needy women, as well as conservators of the nation's good, by contributing endowments for this school? Can we not find some one or more among our favored citizens to operate through this as one has been found to operate through the chemical department? It is said that riches perish; but there are ways in which they can be made immortal, and to shine with ever increasing occasions of good as generation follows generation. Providence has opened one of these ways in this School of Design. A gentleman has asked, three, five or ten thousand dollars to raise this campaign to full efficiency and permanence, will build itself a memorial more lasting than marble obelisk, and which shall strive to speak the donor's praise when the bright monument which adorns our streets shall have crumbled into dust. A great man once dictated this inscription for his tomb: "What I have sown I have fast; what I have sown I have." And I can make promise that he who will invest for this school shall find it an enduring name. And

When he might build a great temple there,  
Would only the spirit of heaven be there,  
This spoke of life in time's great mechanism,  
When shall we have this span of earth no more.











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